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SELECTED ARTICLES.

A RUGGLE STORY.

HOW CHARLEY MORGAN FELL IN
LOVE WITH HIS ROOM-MATE.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin, May Stephens, that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this, that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May they would both laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at whatever they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

Determined to have a solution of the matter, for no other purpose than to worry them, I, a young man, and having feeling for the possession of curiosity, I set forth one evening, when we were—Morgan, May and I, myself—were drawn up before the fire and early settled for a talk. There was no time for making matters, was my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly out with—

"Mr. Morgan—I really call him Charley, but I was dubious of showing him that I was really in earnest—"Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question, and yet, instead of answering in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the old par, and laughed as if the words I had just spoken were the best joke in the world. I could do nothing of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few moments they brought back looking in the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously and said:

"Oh, in June, you'll see our fathering much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a memory between Charley and I, that brings up that laugh; to us it is a dull remembrance; but, perhaps, in telling it, there would be nothing to amuse any one."

The explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long you have excited my curiosity, that, even if the story was no worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane, shall have the story. May, I will tell her."

"No, Charley, that is really too bad. You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself. And then, after a pause, she said, "When we are alone."

"You shall do no such thing, Marianne May," was Charley's laughing response; "you shall do no such thing. This time I will have my own way, and cousin Jane shall have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was no discussion on that point, but knew in some way that Charley was to come off victor, so I merely said that I would be back in a few minutes stepped out of the room and walked about the garden until I felt sure that point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May as happy as birds, and laughing the old laugh as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up the rocking-chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story how I first met my wife."

"It is just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for a month at my desk, and went down with my old chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's, in old Monmouth, the garden of that justly famous State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten the visit, even though it had not its influence on my whole future life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality, the old old time comfort on the farm, and the quiet way in which, a few days after my arrival, I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that all belonged to me to do what I pleased with it. There were plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken of with a proviso. I say so—by which, he understood, I did not mean Horace's twin sisters, Carrie and Nettie—as having participated in these sports.

"They rode, to be sure, and charmingly

they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess they were luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not omit over their lack of this accomplishment. They were charming enough without, I am sure. I shall exclude no jealousy by declaring that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were disturbed by an accident—for so I must call it—though really seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell you in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished by the young ladies upon one schoolmate of their own, May Stephens, by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie; but still the reputation of this May Stephens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion. I formed at least an imaginary May Stephens, and do what I could, the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembling with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thoughts, and of the two sisters' conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had I not learned one morning, as I entered the breakfast-room, the startling words from Nettie:

"And she is coming at last. I'm so glad! Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the moment, I cannot say, but I know directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and reading a note from Nettie's work, I knew that the letter only held of May Stephens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions, all the information was given to me by May Stephens—she was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her, at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week—it was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion, of nearly two weeks' duration, for Carrie as forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new specimen.

With this idea, I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Carrie and Nettie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made in fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by was whizzing on my way to town to carry out my resolve. My choice of material of wardrobe had been offered to the shrine of May Stephens.

I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business, neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should set me down at Hyatt's again, to stay on the month that May Stephens, the wonderful was about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that day to arrange a grand ensemble of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should, at the first glance, strike the beholder with silent admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and redressed, compared and rejected and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wardrobe in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stephens. I wanted still several hours to sunset. Having gone through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea to take the last train, and return the same night to Hyatt's, instead of remaining over until morning. No sooner said than done, I packed my habiliments and away I went.

Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep. So I found it when the shades of evening fell; to the best of my recollection I was in the midst of a dream, in which May Stephens, attired in a book-out-line and blue satin, appeared on a purple cloud, and admirably imitated when my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself that had torn some portion of my apparel that was

overstrained. It required but a moment to see that both presumptions were wrong. It was the old train—2-27—that had run off the track, smashing generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage-cars all along the road, to say nothing of frightening one hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was eight miles from my destination, though, as it appeared, not a mile from the next village, where I heard it canvassed a tavern, supper and bed could be found.

I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly tendered all the assistance in my power to unimpaired females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge, the promised tavern, by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that with some twenty more of the male gender I must be content with chair, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight, and verging on to ten o'clock. I vowed I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done, giving my carpet-bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges of its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at my expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I went up the lane that led to the house. They were early to bed and early up. I walked around the house, trying each entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was no coarseness—my bedroom window looked out upon the piazza. I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business; and, should it be fastened, I would tap and wake Horace, who was my roommate and bedfellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand on the window, which yielded, and I stood in the room. By the moonlight which streamed in, I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a heavy sleep. I would not wake him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution, I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious.

What ought I have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills and scattered the gray mists of the morning. My bedfellow was breathing heavily, but it was broad daylight, and there was no more sleep in me; so I was determined Horace should wake up and hear of the railroad breakdown. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bedfellow, who had lain with his back toward me, sprang to a sitting position. There are surprises without terror, which deprive us of our speech, until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder.

This was the case of myself and bedfellow, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark, hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the nearest little slipper that ever was. She had gathered the bedclothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid astonishment, looking as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazing steadily in my eyes. Memory serves me but little in such cases; but, if my memory serves me, it was I who spoke first. I blurted out with:

"How came you here?"

The figure started, still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment as though awakened from its stupor, spoke:

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time calm, with quite a much dignity as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stephens, and was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return till to-day. This is how I was put in this room."

So here I was, sitting *cis-ens* with this May Stephens, my ideal lady, for the first meeting with whom I intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction and a nice style of toilet. And she—she by this time as cool as the first of December, but looking me right in the eye, as I made some cautious explanation of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a fine

explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and shimmered and stammered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window as I came in," said I, in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She received me instantly.

"No, that will not do; there are people moving about and you will be seen." It was now my time to stammer out: "What's to be done?" For I saw the little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and in energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"You must lie still here until I get up. When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity; was her response, delivered in a quiet and business-like manner.

And so I did. Under May Stephens' command, I buried my head under the bedclothes, and kept well covered until I heard the retreating footsteps on the stairs, which was but a few minutes, though it seems an age; then, with a desperate bound, I sprang from the bed, and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met—May Stephens and I—at the breakfast-table. I in the character of the newly-arrived that morning, and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astonished every one present, and played a chorus of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we never failed to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now, cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

Weymouth Historical Record.

(From a sermon delivered Dec. 11, 1855, by Dr. John Norton, A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Weymouth.)

DR. COTTON TUTT'S, M. D.

The late honorable Cotton Tutts, M. D., was born of religious and respectable parents in the town of Medford, May 31, 1731. Early in life he discovered a propensity to literature, and distinguished himself by regular habits, diligent application, and respectable attainments in knowledge. In the fourteenth year of his age, he was admitted a member of Harvard University. During his residence in that distinguished seminary, he sustained a fair, an estimable, and a respected character, both moral and literary. In 1749, he was admitted to his first degree, and in 1752, to his second.

On leaving the University, he successfully, for a time, devoted himself to the instruction of youth. But as he had a prohibition for the practice of physic, he turned his particular attention to that profession; and soon after entering upon his duties, he established himself as a practitioner in this path. With what assiduous fidelity, success and reputation he pursued in the healing art, many of you are his grateful witnesses. But few among the medical faculty, have been so successfully, his competitors in these respects.

To his practice, he united every piety, benevolence, sympathy and kindness. While his exercises for his professional services from the city had the ability to make prompt and easy payment, were always moderate, he had a heart to favor, and gratuitously to relieve the needy and necessitous. In his visit to the chambers of sickness, he was far from finding his solitude and exertions to the welfare of the "suffering man" of his patients. For the welfare of their "suffering man," he felt a deep concern; would he fail to manifest this, as circumstances required, by speaking a word in season, "comfortable word" for doctrine, for reproof, for exhortation, for instruction in righteousness? Nor was this his labor of love, it is presumed, without success.

His professional labors in the early part, and in the meridian of his life, were far from being confined to the limits of this society or town. They were extended not only to contiguous societies, but to distances more remote. Nor, in advanced age, did he withhold his advice and aid, in difficult cases, from those who were beyond the sphere of his usual practice. Eminent and highly esteemed not only as a physician, but a man, he could not fail to rise high in the public estimation, and particularly in the estimation of those who were the best judges of his worth and excellence of character. This estimation could not

fail to procure him a doctorate in medicine, and to enroll him among the original members of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Nor did his distinguished talents suffer him long to remain a private member of that learned body. He was soon elected their vice-president; nor was it long before he was raised by their suffrages to the presidency. In this distinguished and useful office, he continued till increasing age, and the pressure of his other various duties, induced him to resign. As no man was better qualified for that office, he did not fail to discharge its duties, as to meet the approbation, and insure the united thanks of his brethren.

As a man of general erudition, he attained to no inconsiderable eminence. His researches were various and extensive, judicious and accurate. Nor did he fail to improve them to valuable and useful purposes. As a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he sustained a character which not only procured him honor to himself, but reflected honor upon that respectable and learned institution. In the higher branch of the state legislature, he was for many years distinguishedly active, patriotic, firm and influential. And when appointed a member of the Convention for adopting the Constitution of the United States, he expressed his attachment and devotion to the best interests of his country, by giving his suffrage for that necessary and excellent bond of union.

A rational and firm believer in the Christian religion, he, early in life, from a sense of duty, made a public profession of it; and uniformly exemplified its divine precepts and institutions. Few men have passed through life with a more steady and conscientious adherence to the various duties of the Christian life. In his family, no circumstance or convention, but of an impious and unchristian nature, ever prevented, I am persuaded, his offering to God both the evening and the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise. Nor was this a service which he performed with apathy and reluctance. To do the will of God, in this respect, was apparently

among his highest satisfactions. And his manner of performing it, was peculiarly serene and devout, fervent and impressive. So important and binding did he consider this duty, and so great was his attachment to it, that no debility by sickness, nor infirmity of age, could divert him from it, when his tongue was capable of executing his will. His household were the admiring witnesses of his regular devotions at the family altar, during his confinement, till, in the latest stage of his life, he was constrained to "swallow" like the venerable patriarch of old, "leaning upon the top of his staff."

Not only was he a man of prayer in his own family; but when occasion required it, he took the lead in the public worship of God's house. This house, where the divine honor dwelleth, was truly amiable in his view. He evinced by a regular and constant attendance on the religious services performed in it. Scarcely have I known any circumstance detain his feet from going to "the house of God with the multitude that kept holy day." Thus to worship God in "the beauty of holiness" was the joy and rejoicing of his heart; year, more than his necessary food, if his regular and devout attendance on that worship, may be admitted as the expression of the state and exercises of his mind.

During the space of more than forty years, he filled the office of deacon in this church. And with what constancy, fidelity, and acceptance, he discharged its duties, many of you can testify. For nearly thirty years, I know not that his official services at the communion table, were by sickness, or otherwise, more than once interrupted. Few men have sustained this office with more reputation and dignity; or discharged its duties with greater punctuality, or to higher acceptance. By unaffected, but not severe and repulsive gravity; by simplicity and ingenuitousness of speech; by abstinence from much wine; by avoiding greediness of filthy lucre; by holding the faith in a pure conscience; by a blameless far from being confined to the limits of this society or town. They were extended not only to contiguous societies, but to distances more remote. Nor, in advanced age, did he withhold his advice and aid, in difficult cases, from those who were beyond the sphere of his usual practice. Eminent and highly esteemed not only as a physician, but a man, he could not fail to rise high in the public estimation, and particularly in the estimation of those who were the best judges of his worth and excellence of character. This estimation could not

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Derby Academy, his unimpaired and able services, highly contributed to promote the objects of that literary institution. During the lapse of nearly thirty years, notwithstanding the pressure of his many duties and avocations, he seldom, if ever, failed to attend the meetings of the board of trust. Nor was the influence of any of the members, in relation to the concerns of the institution, so uniformly great and beneficial as his.

As the presiding member of the board, he acquitted himself to the highest satisfaction of the associate members, who on his resignation of his office, a short time before his death, gratefully tendered him their sincere and unqualified acknowledgments of his able and faithful services.

As a member, and as the president of the society for the reformation of morals in this place, and its immediate vicinity, his exertions to check and suppress the shameful and destructive practice of intemperance and its kindred vices, were judicious, spirited, and it is hoped, in some good degree effective. "Beholding the transgressors" among us, and around us, "he was grieved;" and to reclaim the unhappy and wretched wanderers, was the ardent desire of his heart—a desire which efficiently prompted him to laudable and meritorious action.

In regard to politics, he was a federalist of that stamp, from whose sentiments, considerate and judicious men of every party could not widely differ. Discovering in both parties too much of a denunciatory spirit—a spirit of inflexible zeal—a spirit of selfishness and intolerance, and a corresponding tenor of conduct, he sided, in the extreme, with neither.

Happy had it been for our country, in times past, had its citizens, in general, been federalists or true to a more appropriate term, federal republicans, of this description. May it please that all-god and Almighty Power, who governs the destinies of men and of nations, to raise up and increase in mercy to our land, men of this excellent and highly useful character.

As a citizen in private life, while he grieved at what he considered its faults, he gratefully rejoiced at the wise and salutary measures of our general and state governments. While he deplored the evils which at any time might result from the measures of Administration, he well knew how to appreciate and improve the blessing—to forbear threatening—to abstain from railing against the power ordained of God, and to be in due subjection to their just authority.

In social life, he highly distinguished himself by urbanity of manners, and a courteous address. In conversation he was pleasant, interesting and instructive. Nor could any have enjoyed his without pleasure and improvement.

In the domestic circle, he was as well a pleasant and desirable companion, and the beloved and instructive friend, as the husband, the father, the patriarch. Possessed in abundance, of this world's goods, through the blessing of divine providence, on his steady and persevering industry—exact method in all his temporal transactions, and laudable prudence and economy, he improved them to useful and benevolent purposes. Although in doing good and communicating, he gave no encouragement or countenance to the idle—to vagrants—to tipplers and the worthless, he was far from neglecting the proper objects of charity. For these, he felt a generous sympathy, and imparted to them his genuine objects, as they needed.

The "wise eyes to the blind"—first to the lame—a laborer to the poor—"When their ears heard him, then they blessed him; and when their eyes saw him, they gave witness to him." "The title of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he carried the widow's heart to sing for joy." Nor, in many instances, did he let his left hand know the distributions of the right. No inconsiderable portion of his charities were unknown to those who have been, and probably will be benefited by them, till the great day, which discovers all things, shall disclose them.

Such, my brethren, was the man in the estimation of him who loved to serve you, whose funeral solemnities we now attend. Having thus served his God, and his own generation, he fell on sleep, on the 8th instant, without a pang, and, apparently, without a pang; when, we trust, his immortal part was admitted to that exceeding great reward which is promised to the righteous.

While we bless God that his labors devoted to service, eminently useful, and long protracted, we cannot but deplore his death, as a great loss, affecting the

house of literature and religion. That under the strong and controlling conviction of the rectitude and wisdom of the disposal of divine providence, we would with reverence and without complaint, submit to the high decrees and sovereign will of the Almighty Disposer.

To the respected widow of the deceased, we tender our sincere sympathy in her deep affliction, threat is her bereavement. We pray that her support and consolation may be equally great. In this hour of darkness, may the beams of the divine countenance irradiate the gloom—cheer her drooping spirits, dissipate her sorrows, and strike a lightning visit to the tomb. May the downward progress of her life maintain a peaceful, happy and useful tenor; and may her death be that of the righteous, and her last end like his.

We offer to the only son of the deceased, and to his companion, our most cordial condolence under their great and afflictive privation. May that Almighty and good Being, who inflicted the wound, mercifully apply to it the healing balm of consolation. They are not forgotten, we trust, of "the exhortation which speaketh unto them as unto children—despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when ye are rebuked of him. Furthermore—if ye have had fathers after the flesh, who corrected you, and ye gave them reverence, shall ye not rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees."

May the grand children suitably lay to heart the loss they have sustained in the death of their highly beloved and venerated grandfather. With diligent care may they ever retain in grateful and pious recollection his sage and instructive precepts, and carefully transcribe them into their lives. May they ever emulate his excellent example that, like him, they may be "in ever-lasting remembrance."

While his numerous friends and connections emulate his memory with their unfeigned tears, they mourn, not as those who have no hope. Believing as they do, that their highly valued friend has fallen asleep in Jesus, may they comfort one another with this joyful consideration, and make it their great object so to live, that they also may happily die in the Lord.

While the gentlemen of the faculty will not fail to give the due moral of respect to his distinguished character, may they not fail to imitate his distinguished virtues.

That his lamented death may be duly improved by the several societies of which he had been a highly respected and useful member—that it may be sanctified to his age and worthy colleagues of this church—to all its members—to this society, and to society at large, let it be our hearty desire and prayer to God—"Help, Lord, for the godly man perish; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

—(See Librarian Extra aged 81)

THE WILD-FLOWER OF KANSAS.

A writer to the Farmers' Club, American Institute, speaks in raptures of the beautiful appearance of the prairies, covered with their wild flowers:

"For the wild flowers of Kansas I must express my especial admiration. And one here may have a flower-garden of considerable show, who will cultivate two square rods of ground with wild flowers. I will name, of the many, only the following few as deserving of some notice. The blue iris, the yellow 'day lily,' and the purple phlox, grow only in the forest, and also the Judas-tree, and a few-colored honey-suckle. On the prairies we have the yellow cactus, growing only on rocky slopes; the blue and the white 'blue-pur,' the latter spotted with purple, growing on moist spots, not only where the grass is very thin; the white evening primrose, a perennial, growing in similar localities; and the yellow, a magnificent flower of from four to six inches diameter, growing on the rocky slopes. The yellow and blue poppies are also very common on rocky situations; not because of the rocks, but because there the deep-rooted prairie-grass will not thrive, and hence there is an opening for any hardy plants. I have seen two colors of the yellow—red and purple; but the latter has so small a flower as to be almost invisible. We have also a white hyacinth, a purple penstemon, a blue lupine, and many others.

"Sprinkled all over the prairies, among the grass, we find red and variegated phlox, yellow polyanthus, and sometimes a purple penstemon and blue spiderwort, and last of all comes the beautiful blue penstemon, with its deep-colored petals, and

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FULL ASSORTMENT OF
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
Schools & Workshops Repaired.

TIN ROOFING, AND ALL KINDS OF JOBBING.
Done at Short Notice.

JOHN M. WALSH,
Carriage Painter & Trimmer,
AND HARNESS MAKER.
WASHINGTON ST., Weymouth & Braintree line.
Harness on hand and made to order. Work done in the best style.

MARTIN BURRELL, Jr.,
House and Sign Painter & Glazier.
COMMERCIAL STREET,
EAST WYOMOUTH.
Paper Hanging, Gilding, &c., done in the best style, at short notice.

CHARCOAL,
PRATT'S Tin Shop.

Weymouth Market.
WILLIS & WORSTER,
Provision & Grocery Store,
100 COMMERCIAL AND WASHINGTON STS.
WEYMOUTH.

INSTANTLY on hand in good assortment of
C. Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c., and
Family Groceries.
of which will be sold at the lowest CASH prices.

B. F. SHAW,
DEALER IN
FAMILY GROCERIES,
Flour and Grain,
Seasonable Dry Goods,
and FINISHES AND SHOE TOOLS,
Crockery, Glass, and Wooden Ware,
Painting Tools, Garden Seeds, &c.
ORDER OF BROWN AND BROWN BROS.,
EAST WYOMOUTH.

J. G. RIPLEY,
HORSE SHOE AND CARriage SMITH.
SOUTH WYOMOUTH.

See Notice. Lane in the most approved style to suit the customer to suit the particular object of the business, and in the most approved style.

Canary Birds

NEW STORE
AND
NEW GOODS!

HAVING REMODELLED AND ENLARGED
MY
HARDWARE STORE,
I am now prepared to show my customers and
friends a
NEW and much more EXTENSIVE
VARIETY of
HARDWARE
than I have kept heretofore.

**New and Complete Assortment of
Builders' Hardware,
FARMING TOOLS,
Mechanical Tools**

PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,
Well Buckers,
Iron Sinks,
Marble Slates,
Climax and Wheels,
Draw Kets,
Horing Machines,

Curry Combs,
Henshes,
Table Cutlery,
Scissors,
Bed and Table Castors,
Note Paper,
Pencils,
Cards,
Scales and Balances,
Bucket Knives,
Fancy Hardware,
Bells,
Pens,
Scribers,

OVAL FRAMES,

And a great variety of

USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES

not usually found in country stores

Patent Mowing Machines,
WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST
 At Mc Carpendy's Shop in the rear of the Store
 will be used hereafter in connection with the
 Store, for the sale of
Doors, Windows, Blinds,
GLASS,
 Stair Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps,
 and other ironing Machinery; Cutting

and other Moldings, Picture, Portrait and Looking Glass.

FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, or OVAL,

MADE TO ORDER, IN ANY KIND OF MOLDING, colored.

Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Stained or Glazed, Planks Painted and Trimmed.

My goods are all bought for CASH, and will be SOLD FOR CASH at this date, at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

What little I have left of the other stock at Goods will be sold at a low price, in order to have some few more goods at the new Store. I respectfully invite my friends to call in when convenient and see the

FINEST STOCK IN THE PLACE.

Marked my Under Down from 5 to 15 per Cent., which I trust will be a sufficient apology for the deed. I am

**LOCAL AGENT FOR
SIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES**

and shall be happy to receive a share of public patronage.

JOHN O. FOYE.

J. BINNEY & CO.,
Grocery & Provision Dealers,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & HIBBARD STS.,
Minn.

KEPT constantly on hand a good assortment of
Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,
Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,
which they offer at the **LOWEST MARKET PRICES**, for CASH.

Where Labor is humored and none are opposed,
 Where Russia & Co. their repugnance would meet
 At the corner where broad crosses—Washington
 street—

When ever attentive, it is their design
 To keep a good stock in the Grocery line,
 And sell all their goods at a profit so small
 That those who buy once will continue to call
 For favors received they are grateful—and will
 Be loath to merit your patronage still.

I. BRINKA, G. E. FILM

Buckley & Bancroft

11 the
Pantheon & Latrunc Building con-
nects,
511 Washington Street,
BOSTON,
 Where they will be happy to see their old friends
 and patrons, and all others who wish to see a
220 H AND PARLOR STOR OF
 FASHIONABLE
 DRESSING

FURNITURE.

Our Stock is manufactured by us ourselves
in the most beautiful manner, and at the

LATEST DESIGNS FOR

*Drawing Room,
Dining Room,
Library and
Chamber Furniture,*

in all modern varieties, which cannot fail to come
and the first of all in our want of Furniture.
In addition to taste to quality, style, or price.

**EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS
RECOMMENDED.**

N. B. Goods mounted in the most faithful man-
ner, as to be trusted without charge to the pur-
chaser. Notify all the House of Representatives to pass
by the law and in their own interests.
To the people of the United States, I have a New
Country, People, and a new Country.

VI 2119

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. I.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, NOV. 22, 1867.

NO. 30.



Mansion House.
Corner of Columbia and Main Streets,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.
Open for the reception of the traveling public.
Parties furnished with Sapples and Refreshments at short notice.
H. B. HANSHARD, Proprietor.

STEVENS HOUSE.
21, 23, 25 & 27 Broadway,
New York.
Opposite Howling Green.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and wholesomely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men, as it is in close proximity to the business part of the city, on the highway of Southern and Western travel, and adjacent to all the principal Railroad and Steamboat depots.
The STEVENS HOUSE has been fitted up with every modern improvement for the comfort and convenience of its guests. The rooms are spacious and well ventilated—provided with gas and water—the attendance is prompt and respectful—and the table is generally provided with every delicacy of the season at moderate rates.

GEO. K. CHASE & CO.,
Proprietors.

I. TUCK,
EXECUTIVE AGENT FOR THE
PEERLESS COOK STOVE
For Weymouth, (except Franklin) Franklin, Abington and Randolph. Also, manufacturing agent in
Stoves, Tinware, Hardware and WOODEN WARE,
and other articles to be found in a
Kitchen Furnishing Store.
Orders collected and goods promptly delivered. Cash paid for old Iron, Brass and Copper.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

Stoves, Tinware, Hardware and WOODEN WARE,
and other articles to be found in a
Kitchen Furnishing Store.
Orders collected and goods promptly delivered. Cash paid for old Iron, Brass and Copper.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

Boots, Shoes & Findings.

MORSE, J. CRANE & SON
Manufacturers of
Boots and Shoes,
which they offer to customers at the
LOWEST MARKET PRICES
Their stock of FINDINGS also is of the best quality and variety, and they are prepared to meet the wants of the Weymouth community.
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

S. W. PRATT,
Dealer in all kinds of
Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges,
including the celebrated
"PEERLESS" COOK STOVE.
Dealer, Street, Weymouth, and the new
GAS BURNER RANGE.
Also a very large stock of
Kitchen Furnishing Goods,
including all kinds of Tin, Wares, Glass and China, and
Table Cutlery.
ALL KINDS OF PUMPS,
and all kinds of GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
Schools & Bishop's Refrigerators.
TIN ROOFING, AND ALL KINDS OF JOBBING.
DEALERS AT SEABOARD SOUTH C.

JOHN M. WALSH,
Marriage Painter & Trimmer.
AND HARNESSE MAKER.
SHEPHERD ST., (Weymouth & Braintree line)
Harnesses on hand and made to order. Work done in the best style.

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Paper Hanging, Painting, &c., done in the best manner, at short notice.

CHARCOAL,
FOR SALE AT PRATT'S Tin Shop.

Weymouth Market.
WILKES & WOBSTER,
Provision & Grocery Store,
100 COMMERCIAL AND WASHINGTON STS.
WEYMOUTH.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND a good assortment of choice
Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Butters, Cheese, &c., &c.
Family Groceries.
Of which will be sold at the lowest CASH prices.

B. E. SILVER,
DEALER IN
FAMILY GROCERIES,
Flour and Grain,
Seasonable Dry Goods,
and FINDINGS AND SHIRT TOWELS,
Crockery, Glass, and Wooden Ware,
Painting Tools, Garden Seeds, &c.
CORNICE OF BRIDGE AND MIDDLE STS.,
EAST WEYMOUTH.

J. G. RIPLEY,
HORSE SHOE AND
CARRIAGE SMITH,
801 THE WYOMOUTH
Shoeing done in the most approved style, and repairing of all kinds of harness and carriage work.
NEW HARBOR AND BRIDGE STS.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.
TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

DICKENS' VISIT TO AMERICA.

This month, should find Heaven the party project.

While at sea, from all perils and dangers, New York from her "fast-anchor" side may expect

The following illustrious strangers:

Messrs. Dombey & Son, Lady Dedlock and maid, Martin Chuzzlewit (with the second).

With, Mr. Mark Tapley, of nothing afraid, The most faithful of servants reckoned.

Dear old Mr. Pickwick, the Widow Jarrell, Sergeant Snuggles, the eminent pleader;

With, Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Winkle, the school, And Wegg, the editorial reader.

Lady Tipton, Sam Weller, Sir Mulberry Hawk, John Harmon (convenient in his collar), Captain Cuttle and Bunce, the mariner Southfork, David Copperfield, Pecksniff, and Doolittle.

Mr. Gulliver, Mrs. Pumblechook, Henry Yard, Mr. and Mrs. Blamkin, renowned Heath Thrush, Lord Verisopht, Cholly, who's brother's father James, And Chadband, the meek and humble.

The lovely, accomplished, and blind Lady Sargeant, In whom mortals so long have confided;

And that friend of friends, Mrs. Harris, the lady by which Salter's fustians are so guided.

Wickett Suppers, the proprietor of Doodle-boys Hall,

Shepherd Snuggles, and Fledgeby the puppy; George Rouncewell, the "Sage-doodle," student and tall,

And the elegant young man named Guppy.

Minister and Spouse, with three "found" names, and twice

That she never considered a fair son; Dick Swiveller, who's his principal shew— Mr. Jarvis and thoughtful "Dane Dunder."

Tom Pinch, the unselfish, the crazy Mrs. The, The Barchinas, eye-inductors;

Handed Sk, the "Sage-doodle," Mr. Dick, and his wife,

The Smallweeds and their confidants.

Little Nib, who is more of an angel than child,

Old Topsy, who's prince of a department, Mrs. Wither the study, B. Wither the maid, And the know-nothing's youthful assortment.

Squire Waddle, young Treadwell, and Oliver Twist,

With, Noses and the O'Grady Brothers, Most cheer the selection 'Tis made from the list, Though it is there are dozens of others.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY.

A sermon on the late election was delivered by Rev. Dr. Miner, of School street church, last Sabbath, referring to the late election in this State, from which the following extract is made:

We could not deny that there was power in intelligent reason and in the moral sense of men to check the flood of the gravest iniquities, and to bring to a stand the most potent energies of evil.

The history of the world was full of proofs of this. The temporary triumph of the tempter of the gale was always followed by a calm, and the intelligent mariner lost no ship when the storm beat on his ship, even if his canvas was rent from end to end and his spars were shattered; if his ship but rode—if the foundations were but preserved—he was still animated by the hope that he would at last reach port. It could not be denied that, besides the elements always at work in every community—besides the providential interference of the Divine hand—besides the omnipotent agency of truth—besides the quickening and authoritative commands of conscience—all of which tended to purify and uplift it—there were in every community a variety of causes that tended downward, and to check the onward progress of civilization and righteousness; that tended to corrupt individuals and societies; that tended, in a word, to enslave Satan and delude Jehovah. He need not say that these influences would never succeed. They might for a time seem to succeed, but that very success would make them destroy themselves all the sooner. They dug a pit into which they themselves, by the providence of God, should be plunged. Among the causes which he had referred to as having this downward tendency was appetite. He would not portray the power of appetite at this time. There was no one among his auditors that did not know it full well—who had not beheld, day after day, illustrations of its overwhelming power over the individual, at least for a time. This appetite was nurtured by a thousand causes, but never innocent, fashions and indulgences, fostered in a thousand ways, in a community pervaded by wealth—wealth that invited luxury—wealth which by men and Christians—wealth which exhibited itself by ostentation and every form of corruption. Appetite, seconded by wealth, in the hands of men who devoted themselves to luxury, became not what it was intended by God to be, but an instrument of corruption.

GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

Violet Heath was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly, she reigned supreme in Clifton—the pleasant little country town where her father resided—queen of fashion, as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her; and, as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. Whether her chief charm consisted in her hair, dimpled face, or deep-blue eyes, looking like half blown forget-me-nots, bathed in dew, or in her curling, golden tresses, or mischievous, pouting mouth, or in her half-literate, half-tutored air and manner, no one could say; but it was generally agreed upon that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her devoirs, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the village school, although he was a young man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long while before the little village beauty condescended to him the least sign of preference. But perseverance and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last; and, in due course of time, one tender, moonlit eve, under a honey-suckle arbor, in the old squire's garden, the young man pleaded his cause in true lover-like fashion, and was transported into a third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections; and, after a proper lapse of time, the young couple were united, amid a bewitching profusion of roses and white flowers; and the poor, love-lorn swains of Clifton were left to console themselves as they could.

Every body was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. She had been so gay a girl, so full of mischief, so petulant and blustering, that some of the Clifton wisemen shook their heads, and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repent his bargain; but, on the contrary, he rejoiced over it anew every day, regarding it the best transaction of his life.

They had a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in foliage, with great shady trees, and a flower garden in front; and the young schoolmaster must have regarded it as the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the briskness of his step and the brightness of his face, as he returned of evenings from his school-house. Violet was always at the gate to meet him, robed in some pretty, fresh apparel, her curls beamed back with roses, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor and waiting supper-table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after awhile, as if fortune was bent upon making his cup over, something else came to make him still happier. A small, dimpled, crowing fellow, with eyes like his mother, and rings of hair that looked spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a happy couple, every one said, even the wisemen, in spite of their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, provided that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It even came to this perfect little home, trailing its slinky ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It was after this wise: One evening, Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom—but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden, he heard the cottage door open and saw a man—a real, living man, young and very distinguished-looking—come out and pause in the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—his Violet. He saw her plainly laughing and chatting, and tossing her ringlets; and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by the side path.

"Don't fail to come," called Violet after him. "I shall expect you."

Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. Violet was dressed, as he had never seen her before, in a magnificent blue silk robe, all covered with lace and ruffles. What did it mean? Who was that man that the virgin to come again so confidingly? A sharp, swift pang of jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart—mistrust of the woman he held a thousand times dearer than his own life; and he hurried on to the cottage, his brow for the first time since his marriage, looking lowering and moody. Violet was nowhere to be seen below—so he went to her chamber. The door was closed, but he heard the babe wailing within.

"Violet! Violet!" he called.

"Yes, dear," came the pleasant answer, "in one moment; as soon as I get my dress on."

He waited impatiently until she came out, and then he scanned her face with keen, anxious eyes. She looked hurried and confused, and ran back almost immediately to put the blue robe, which she had thrown on the bed, into the wardrobe. Guy followed her into the chamber.

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Oh? Oh, no," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing; only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby dressed out in her nightgown."

Violet blushed, and averted her face.

"Oh, yes," she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery. "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but, come, let's go down and look after supper."

He followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about, making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom, hung over the whole happy home, which all her gaiety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat in the porch, with his head bowed in his hands, and his soul tortured with a useless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the usual hour, and found Violet and the babe awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten—she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with baby, they proceeded to the cottage; and Guy went running up stairs for his dressing-gown, with his old, fustian nightgown. On the topmost step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle, truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled point. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent, cunning watch on all her movements.

The next evening and the next, he came earlier; and in both instances, concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the tall, blue-looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet flitting about in the azure robe she had never worn for him. Suspense became torture; he could bear it no longer—he must know the worst. Had the wisemen of Clifton prophesied the truth after all? He approached his wife at twilight, as she sat in a low chair, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet," he said, gently, but very seriously, "I'm afraid we are getting to have a skeleton in our closet."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton, dear—how so?"

"Have you seen from your husband, Violet?" he asked, solemnly.

She blushed deeply, and dropped her eyes, and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replied, "Oh, no, Guy! What makes you think I have?"

"Because," he answered, gravely, "I have seen a young man—a stranger—leaving my house every evening during the past week; and yet you have not even alluded to such a visitor to me. What does it mean, Violet?"

She averted her face; it wore a troubled, anxious look, yet there was a dancing, mischievous sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Violet," he went on, seeing that she did not reply, "you can't tell how this thing has troubled me. Can't you trust me, Violet—me, your husband? Explain it all, I entreat you, and end my torturing doubt."

She looked up, her eyes full of tears.

"You doubt me, Guy?" she said, mournfully.

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet—I would sooner die; but it is strange, to say the least, that you should have such a visitor every evening, yet never mention it to your husband? But I believe you can make it all clear and satisfactory; do so, Violet, and let us be happy again."

Still she said nothing.

"Violet, won't you speak?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Guy, I have nothing to say."

He started to his feet, white with excitement.

"Nothing to say, Violet? Will you not tell me who that man is, and what he wanted?"

She shook her head slowly, repeating, "I have nothing to say."

Then he rushed from her presence, down the stairs, out into the open air, his head throbbing as if it would burst. She threw open the door, and there

"Oh!" he moaned, sinking down on the turf, "how shall I ever endure it? My wife—my darling wife—my Violet, that I loved so much; can it be true?—is she false to me?"

But no one answered him; only the little birds chirped and cooed amid the green leaves, making him envy their happiness. He remained there, wrapped in solemn thought, until the stars came out. He would not be rash; he would bear with her to the very last. Perhaps she would change her mind, and tell him the whole truth. He was ready and willing to forgive her, and love her all the same, no matter how deeply she might have erred. He arose and returned to the cottage. Violet looked a little pale, and was a trifle more serious than usual—that was all. She did not even allude to the matter. The night passed—another evening came.

He dismissed his school at noon, and came home, concealing himself in the shrubbery. Hours went by, and at last, instead of seeing the stranger coming, as he had expected, he saw him leaving the house. He had been there the entire afternoon, in his cottage, with his wife. His face grew white with anger, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. "He would overtake him—force him into an explanation. But the stranger was too quick for him; he had crossed the lawn, and was out of sight in the wood beyond, before Guy could overtake him.

He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant-girl, clanking to meet him in the yard, shrieked, and ran out of his way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well-liked young schoolmaster. Truly, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frick she was embroidering as he entered.

"You are early this evening, dear," she said, pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; she was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said, hoarsely, throwing himself on a chair, "you see that I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house again a few minutes ago—and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means?"

She bent her head over her work, but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate, "I cannot live with you if you persist in keeping this secret from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have borne it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you, now, to tell me all, to make everything clear, or from henceforth our lives are divided."

Violet was very pale, and her fingers trembled nervously as she stretched away at her embroidery; still, that little, dancing, mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain?" urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanation to make."

He rose to his feet, white and stern.

"Then you are a wife of mine. I cast you off—wash your hands of you! You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have dishonored my life and broken my heart."

She rose, and gathered up her babe.

"I will go, Guy," she replied, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light foot-step ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses—was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved? He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart, and he held her back. She was false to him—let her go. At that instant he found her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs:

"Guy—Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up. She met him on the passage.

"Bear with me, Guy," she said, humbly.

"I will go directly; but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little, sparkled burning in her eyes. Guy followed with a fierce, impatient stride, his head throbbing as if it would burst. She threw open the door, and there

supported against the wall, was a portrait of herself, with the babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shining ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a sand, dimpled, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out, Guy stared at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Violet! where did you get it? It is yourself over again, and the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"To-day is your birthday, Guy," she replied, softly, "and that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than anything else in the world; so I ordered the money out of father, and engaged an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against to-day."

Dear Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret; he had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence looking heartily ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her pretty mouth. "I will go."

"Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive me—forgive me; I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other around his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her.

"Yes, Guy," she said, "I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered, tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

WOULDN'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students of Yale College a few years since were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room taking it for the bar-room, and inquired if he could obtain lodgings there. The young chap immediately answered in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students, anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes about his farm, stock, &c.

Do you belong to the church? asked one of the wags.

Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me.

Well, I suppose you will not tell a lie? replied the student.

No, for the world, added the farmer. Now what will you take for the dog?

Pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars? why, he is not worth twenty cents."

Well, I assure you, I would not take twenty dollars for him.

Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companions, was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you won't do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie."

The student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he counted small piles on the table, where the farmer sat with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver. I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half-dollar, at the same time exclaiming, "I won't take your twenty dollars. Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth; he is your property."

A tremendous shout from his fellow-students showed the would-be wag that he was completely shamed out, and that he need not look for help in that quarter.

so he good-naturedly acknowledged himself beat, insisted on the old farmer taking mother glass, and they parted in great glee, the student retaining the dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him, never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he attempts to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK,

Governor.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

With the advice and consent of the Council, I hereby appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-eighth day of November next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

Two hundred and thirty-six years have elapsed since the first public Thanksgiving was kept by the people of Massachusetts, who encountered the sorrows of a wilderness for the enjoyment of a pure worship of God. However changed may now be our condition of comfort, prosperity, and power, if we profess to have inherited the virtues of our ancestors, it becomes us to manifest the same sense of obligation to Almighty God, which was manifested by them, for His presence and favor in establishing the foundations of this Commonwealth. They attained their hearts to public praise in the days of small beginnings; our Thanksgiving ought to increase and magnify after the growths and developments of nearly two centuries and a half, upon all of which the Divine blessing has been constantly and graciously bestowed.

I recommend to the people of Massachusetts, that on the day appointed they shall turn from business and pleasure and unite in their temples and households in rendering thanks to the Father of Mercies for his continued favor:

That the blessings of civil and political liberty, hitherto enjoyed by ourselves, have in the present year for the first time come to the possession of a race in our country which before had been deprived of them;

That the waste of war has been supplied during the past season by abundant crops of the earth;

That, consequently, whatever interruptions may occur to the prosperity of commerce, the staple of national strength and happiness is secure;

That never before have there been in our country so few who were poor or oppressed, and never before so many whose hearts were open to give aid, comfort, and charity;

That among the people of our own Commonwealth during the year now drawing to its end the pursuits of industry have been generally successful, and that the institutions of religion, education, charity, and reform have been liberally supported and divinely blessed.

To our devout praise for these mercies, let us, upon this recurrence of the annual Thanksgiving, add the discharge of every duty to the unfortunate, and hallow the occasion by a spirit of benevolence towards all.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and the thirty-second of the Independence of the United States of America.

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

By his Excellency the Governor with the advice of the Council.

OLIVER WARDEN, Secretary.

Read over the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Wild flowers in the West, far as tried, grow finely under common garden cultivation, and most are equal in beauty to the cultivated varieties. Of wild roses, we have the small prairie rose, growing about a foot high, single flower of bluish hot weather, deepening into bright red color, usually from two to three inches in diameter; and the climbing variety also single, pale red, growing in clusters, and resembling in its foliage and growth the cultivated queen of the prairie, and for a single rose is a very fine one.

New York city tonight give churches to that city and vicinity very treasured names, such as the Red-Back Church, the Church of the Holy Zofia, the Church of the Holy Martin, in Brooklyn, Philadelphia has the Church of the Holy

on Friday evening, 15th inst. A larger attendance than usual was present, but not so large as the importance of the issues at stake demanded.

The meeting was called to order by the secretary, and C. C. Tower was appointed chairman. The secretary's report of the third annual meeting having been read, the following reports of standing officers were submitted and unanimously accepted:

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

During the past year there have been issued to stockholders 1188 vols. 144 of the cash plan, 116 vols. Total 1304 vols., a decrease on last year's issues of 433 vols., which can be easily accounted for from the fact that no additions were made to the library last year. There has been received for fines and loans \$29.25. This item also includes a small amount received for catalogues. From the proceeds of the Levee held last summer, 111 vols. have been purchased, of which are covered and will be ready for delivery as soon as they are catalogued. The books are in a very good state of preservation, having been repaired from time to time by our president. There is one book gone from the library this year, making four vols. missing for the four years it has been organized. They are juvenile books, and of but little cost, viz. J. LORAIN WHITE, Librarian.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Cash on hand Nov. 20th, 1865, \$302.01

" received from the Librarian for loans and fines, 29.25, etc.

" received from proceeds of concert and levee, 137.86

Cash paid, \$137.32

Nov. 26, Feb. 11.—For one copy Rebellion Record, 3.50

Feb. 15.—For "Beyond the Mississippi" 3.50

Feb. 15.—For "Lives of the Presidents," 4.00

Nov. 11.—For books, 115.00

On hand, 413.32

GRAN WHITE, Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The reports of the Treasurer and Librarian show the condition of our financial and also of the library. The various officers of the institution have attended to their duties with promptness and ability. The librarians especially are deserving of lasting gratitude for having in their place week after week, hardly an exception during the year at an inconvenient hour and with sacrifice, and all without compensation. It will appear evident to the directors that it will not be reasonable to expect this service longer without reward, and further, that more time ought to be given to the library hours.

Another question of grave importance, due to the method of raising money for current expenses, and also adding to the fund. The constitution makes no provision except by sale of shares and voluntary efforts. Great praise is due to individuals for their self-sacrificing efforts early in autumn in arranging a concert, which resulted in a handsome sum. But it is worthy of immediate and systematic method should not be neglected, and if necessary, the constitution altered accordingly.

Finally, those enjoying the advantage of a library selected with so much care and now approaching a thousand, ought to be willing to pay an assessment after its free use for the year, at an expense to them of less going, than a single volume has cost.

The beginning of a library is no hard business, it is an honor to a community, and from 1700 to 2200 issues shows the taste for reading, and that only four volumes have been ordered, and most, if not all there, have been absolutely worn out, shows of both the readers and the library.

Such a library affords to the place and others, opportunities for reading and study and culture, without it would be impossible, may hope the refining and elevating influences for ages to come.

It may be suggested that it offers to the wealthy an object worthy of the liberality, a channel through which they can give their names, with honor, to their generations, and which shall call place and time to their ceaseless gratitude of an appreciating people.

It interests the proprietors to some extent, something of the more than one hundred names just published. Such a defraying of books of so much intrinsic value, going through history, which have reached our families and are made to be useful, affording sufficient variety of different tastes of the people, and of the standard works of the which they belong, should be regarded as a very valuable acquisition.

We earnestly commend the Library Association as an institution, to the fostering of those who have the welfare of the people.

Mr. Minot Turrell, inquired of the chair if a vote was not passed last year to dispose of certain volumes in the library which are little read and whether any action had been taken on that vote; also why such books had ever been purchased?

The chair replied that the meeting which passed the vote alluded to was very small attended, and that it being ascertained that there was a feeling on the part of several members who were not present at the meeting against the sale of any such books belonging to the library, it was thought best by the committee on books to defer action in the matter till the next annual meeting. The chair also stated that the class of books embraced in the vote of last year included some of the most valuable books of the library, and cited in this connection the new American Cyclopedia, which as a book of reference could not be spared from the library without great loss.

Mr. J. L. White stated in answer to the inquiry that Grove's History of Greece had never been taken from the library.

Rev. S. H. Hayes defended the course of the Directors in the purchase of books of this class, and stated that more real education and benefit could be derived from the perusal of such a book as Grove's than from ten of the more popular works of fiction and romance. No further action was taken on the subject.

The next business in order being the action of officers for the ensuing year, a committee of three was appointed by the chair to submit a list of officers. The committee submitted the names of the following gentlemen who were unanimously elected. Directors, Revs. S. H. Hayes, Hewitt, J. P. Terry. Messrs. Minot Turrell, William Tyler, Josiah Reed, J. Bates; Secretary, C. C. Tower; Treasurer, Oran White; Librarian, J. L. White; A Librarian, Frank E. Howe.

A vote of thanks to the librarians for faithful manner in which they have discharged their duties, was passed without a dissenting vote.

A very spirited discussion now took place concerning the library books, which was presided in by Minot Turrell, Josiah Reed, J. L. White, E. Hewitt, and others, who favored the existing management, on the ground mainly of economy of expense, the library room being opened on Tuesday evenings, one at a low cost of thirty five cents, on and of the room being subsequently applied for a weekly religious meeting, was the expense attending the operation of the room a whole evening would be a dollar and fifty cents, it being that sum per evening. Moreover it was maintained that while under existing arrangements, the Librarians have acted gratuitously, under the proposed those officers could not be expected to serve without pay, or if we should pay a salary in the future, the expense of paying one an hour, would not be so small as for a whole evening.

Collyer D. W. Burrows, E. Bealified, and Coffey spoke earnestly in favor of having an entire evening to the opening of the library. They maintained with considerable show of reason that the use of the library hours are very inconvenient to a large number of the stockholders who live at a distance from the library, the time coming so near the hour. And, furthermore, they stated that one hour was too short a time to receive and deliver properly books.

The gentlemen thought the coming and confusion incident to the hours, which now exists tended to diminish the early doings of the prayer societies. He thought it would be best to have separate evenings. In regard to the expense of it, it was maintained that an organization which numbered several hundred members and which had a successful operation four years, should provide measures to raise the funds to defray the expense of the library a suitable length of time to accommodate those who take out books, as well as to pay the Librarian for services.

Several motions and counter motions it was finally voted to continue the existing arrangements, only to open the library one hour earlier.

In disposing of this question several resolutions were submitted for the purpose of raising funds. Some favored assessing the sum annually on the members, others the appointment of assessment committees, others objected to both of these, and thought the same methods as prevailed hitherto, should be resorted to. An attempt was made to appoint a committee on procuring even those who favored this plan were unwilling to serve. It was decided to leave the consideration of this subject to the Directors.

The time of keeping out some members, also voted to have the constitution of the society printed with the

to share a shareholder, ought to be raised each year, to pay current expenses and provide for the purchase of new books. It will be impossible to keep up any active interest in the Library and extend its usefulness, unless new books, and valuable ones as are being constantly issued by the press, are yearly added to our library. And unless the proprietors are willing to put their shoulders to the wheel to keep it moving, it will surely stop in its career of progress, and disappoint the hopes of its earnest and unassuming friends. In neighboring towns librarians are supported by the payment of a dollar annually on the part of the proprietors. Surely no man can doubt what the use of such a library as ours is worth a dollar a year.

When one considers the amount of wealth which is represented by the stockholders of this institution, including heads of nearly every family in this part of our town, it seems surely strange that we are obliged to resort to the expedient of getting up fairs and concerts, to procure funds to meet our expenses. We even an appeal might be made to the generous feelings of our citizens, as well as to their purses, which would result in the establishment of a permanent fund or the use of our noble library.

We trust the agitation of this important question, as well as that of opening the library a whole evening, will be kept up until both these desirable ends be consummated.

A FRIEND OF THE LIBRARY.

SILVER WEDDING.—The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Hollis took place on Friday evening, Nov. 8th, at their residence on Randolph street. Their relations and friends to the number of about sixty gathered there, and presentation was made by Mr. N. B. Torrey, accompanied by a few remarks, which were appropriately replied to by J. C. Hollis.

The presents were numerous, consisting of silver ware, such as tea spoons, dessert spoons, butter knives, &c., and other valuable presents, besides some bankbooks. After a bountiful supper, during which seemed to refresh every man, the whole company indulged in plays of "ye olden times" and banquets had returned to their homes so satisfied with the pleasures of the occasion.

It was hoped that they may live to celebrate their golden wedding; it is the wish of all that good fortune it was to attend the celebration.

ONE OF THE PARTY.
WYOMOUTH, NOV. 12, 1867.

EAST WEYMOUTH.
The Ladies' Sewing Circle connected with the Methodist church had a late supper Tuesday evening of last week to raise money to help pay for the new house now building. The amount raised was about \$250, and at the close contributions were set down for good prices. The fancy articles were auctioned off by Mrs. Geo. Hunt, her success in time being proved by obtaining a dollar for articles marked 10 cts. Whitehead Family, of Bangham, attended the company with some of the best songs, in the opinion of good folks equal to the Hutchinsons, and several Brothers gave a whistling entertainment, with which all were delighted.

N. P.

Good History of Messrs. Stewart and others took fire last week from the burning of tar in a kettle, used for the purpose, but it was discovered in time to prevent much damage.

F. B. DIXON & Co. of East Weymouth, who did the largest month's work in this part of the country, finished 632 cases of calf heads, worth \$1,000.

Editor—In your issue of last week was an account of a meeting held in Weymouth to rejoice over the belated victories in this town and believing that article might leave a wrong impression on the minds of those who wish to correct through you, I send you word of that article. It was a meeting of the Democrats, and positively state that the word Democrat was not used in that narrow sense. I for one was ready to bury my party for the public good, and I am glad to bury it for ever. I have no objection to the reformative men of all parties, because reform necessary in our system of legislation, and the necessity of changing our statutes laws which have become a curse rather than a blessing, to institute a strict system of taxation in our financial legislation, been left in my hands, ignoring the name of Democracy, that great and glorious principle. I for one was ready to stand with any one, be he Republican or Democrat, who could see the wisdom of a change, and I believe I desire of every true Democrat to let the name of Democrat, if I cannot be buried forever, but give us the liberty and freedom of choice, or leave

[illegible]

was so concerned that I will now
upon it that he wanted to create a
the firm, and thought possibly that would
be the surest way of accomplishing
even though it was done at my expense.
Taking this view of the matter, I ex-
cuse him for all the *apologies*
which he has caused to be heaped upon
my head by those who are political
opposed to me, and also opposed to me
because of my views on the question
of prohibition. Hoping that Mr. Rymond
may spend a winter next pleasantly
in the State Capital, and that his action
will tend to promote the best inter-
ests of the State, and the moral con-
dition of the people within her borders.

I remain his friend,

D. S. MURRAY,
So. Weymouth, Nov. 18, 1867.

BRAINTREE.

The dwelling-house on the estate of
the White family, in East Braintree
looked for from the overheating of the
chimney, on the day of the funeral of
the late Elliott L. White. The wood
work around the chimney, in the attic
was found to be on fire, and assistance
being obtained the fire was supposed to
have been subdued; but later in the
evening it was discovered to be still
burning, and a hole was put in the roof,
through which water was poured on the
fire, effectually checking its further pro-
gress.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Henry
Thomas, of South Weymouth, was rid-
ing in an open buggy last Saturday eve-
ning, in company with his wife and Mrs.
Lydia Holbrook, the bolt which secures
the shaft to the axle-tree became disen-
gaged, and Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Hol-
brook were thrown out, the former sus-
taining a fracture of the right arm, the
other receiving severe lacerations about
the face and head, her tongue also being
seriously cut. Mrs. Thomas leaped from
the vehicle and escaped with a few bruise.
All the parties are now doing well,
and a similar accident occurred to Mr. T., a
short time since, his carriage being badly
damaged, but the occupants escaped un-
hurt.

NEW BUILDINGS.—Mr. E. W. Smith
building a new dwelling on Main street,
South Weymouth, of a novel construction,
on the frame being put together without
a mortice. The floor timbers are set
across the sill, the studs carried up to
the height of the roof in whole pieces,
and the boarding laid on diagonally. It is
said that this method of building is su-
perior to any other.

Mr. William Reed is building a neat
dwelling on the same street, near the
corner.

Mr. W. G. Thayer has put up a re-
markable building at Binney's Corner, for
a fish market.

LOSS OF LIFE.—Mrs. Alice Kilburn,
whose death in Colchester at an advanced
age is noted in our paper, was one of a
family of twelve children, all of them
who passed the allotted term of life, and
of whom she was the last survivor.—
K. died in the house in which she
lived.

Mrs. Olympia Brown, of the 1st Unit-
arian church, returned from her pro-
longed tour in Kansas last Friday
and preached last Sabbath.

The officers of Union Lodge, I. O. of
F., for the present term, are Prince
W. C. T.; Harriet Osborne, W. V.;
Warren Evelyn, W. S.; Wilbur
Willis, W. A. S.; Geo. N. Baker, W.
Trotter T. Bassett, W. M.; H. Augustus
Peterson, W. M.; Eliza Cummings,
W. M.; Lizzie Young, W. L. G.; D.
H. W. O. G.; John Evans, P. W.

The Weymouth Iron Co. have recov-
ered \$178,28 in a suit for revenue tax-
es assessed on their manufactures
last year, and paid under protest.

HARPER'S.—Harper's publications are
set on our last page. They there-
fore form the best class of reading
could be found in every household.

Half prices are clear down to the
of current figures, and there is no
the poorest masculine going rag
will be seen by their advertise-

at Worcester contains a cargo of
mules Jackson pointed last week,
sent from Maine. They are of ex-
ceptional quality.

Lewis Clapp's market at So. Wey-
mouth is well supplied with a variety
of provisions and groceries, all of
his own raising or growing, except
he sells "on the square," for each
article of the village should not fail
him a share of their patronage.

See Memoirs of Elliott L. White, who died
recently. Mass. Presbyterian, Nov. 12.

It becomes fatal or statesman dies,
to men to leave the world as brave;
The man that lives must learn to die,
And then to bear the cross of life.

From the battle-bone,
The strong hand turned for will or skill,
Whom fear in depth we mourn
At a cost that none can tell.

Other, citizen and noble,
Who falls he finds and
Fearless met the living end,
In his mark's hand.

He flatters or deceives,
Who won't lead men to lead him dead,
His heart has made him give
To friend and brother's side.

On no drums or trumpets sound
Men on the silent march,
But in the heart of man,
The truth and the love.

Best
Such as
sages, like
tribe of
Columbo

[illegible]

HEADQ
THE ARMY IN
TO THE
General
ALL PERSON
Good Cooking
"Gas Burn
Air-Tig
CAN FIND A CH
Headq
Also, Linings
disc
N. H.—The Jolm
and we are forming a
ALL KINDS OF
Usually found in a tip
bound to fight in com
General
"We have met
this flury," they have
ISSUE EXT
Thanks
At an MODERATE
woman and child-stuff
"GOOSE HA
At
Headq
QU'ARTER
RADCLIFF
301 Camp nea
Low, Low
BEST PRINTS
DE LAINES,
GINGHAMS,
UNBLEACHED
EXTRA YARD
NICE YARD W
COTTON FLAN
BY
E. ROSE
SOUTH W
1000 Blue Fl
For office use, at only \$1.
24-113
Men's Cl
At REID ED PRPES
24-113
Umbrells—Th
Involve just received, and
24-113
Drawers and
For Winter—From 50 cent
Large lot just received at
24-113
Portsmouth
Draw
Five Window Sills and Dr
of \$1.15—just received and
24-113
Cardigan
Men's and Boy's—CHAS
received and for sale CHEAP
24-113
Boys' Clo
A large lot of BOYS' CL
THE best fresh imported
CHEAP at
24-113
Men's and B
and C
From 50 cents to \$2.00, ear
terns of suit for sale at
24-113
2,000 Over
For the very low price of \$1.
24-113
For St
A SMALL COTTAGE IN
the residence of Henry
legion street, at the foot of
24-113
H. F. SHAW
24-113
NOTICE TO TAX
TAX PAYER OF
ARE hereby reminded the
the amount on the first
text will be submitted to a
tion, and the legal fees in l
be added.
Weymouth, Nov. 29, 1887.
Milline
MRS. E. A. RICH
of 1414 Broadway to the
and vicinity and she is
continued at
FALL MILL
AMU
Trimming
selected with care, and adapted
to the seasons. The stock is
Very and Desirable Styles
consisting of the usual assort
A FIRST CLASS MILL
Grateful for past patronage,
attention to business and ell
continue the same. All ord
habitually examine the
MRS. E. A. RICH
24-113

Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.
In North Weymouth, Nov. 12, at the Baptist Church, by Rev. S. L. Rockwood, Mr. Thomas J. Nicholson of Quincy, to Miss Anna M. Bingham.
In Quincy, Nov. 17, by Rev. Mr. Burroughs, Mr. William Barrett to Miss Mary Doubleday, both of Braintree.

DEATH.
In this town, Nov. 19, of old age, Mrs. Nancy Smith, widow of the late John Smith, aged 90 years, 35 days.
In Cohasset, Nov. 11, Mrs. Alice Kilburn, widow of the late Capt. Wm. Kilburn, aged 89 years, 4 months.

OBITUARY.
MRS. L. WHITE.—In the death of Mrs. White another of the links which seemed to connect us with a past generation has been broken. Born in Braintree near the close of the last century, she had passed somewhat beyond the period allotted to human life. Yet until a fatal illness, which had been long and painful, and the preservation unimpaired of all her faculties, made him appear like a much younger man in the community where he has long resided his death will be severely felt by all those who were acquainted with him.

During a long and active business life he had secured the confidence and respect of the community as a man of probity and sterling integrity. His judgment was remarkably calm and clear; his mind, well informed and versed in practical affairs, rendered his advice and opinion as such they were often sought for and valued by others. During his whole life he was always ready to aid in any purely political or public matter, designed to promote some public object, or to secure some benefit to the town or section where he lived.

He was also for many years chairman of the Board of Selectmen and Assessors of Braintree. For many years, and the time of his death he was president of the Weymouth and Braintree Fire Insurance Company, and also of the Weymouth and Braintree Building Society, and he had been a director in the Union Bank, and the Weymouth Savings Bank. He was a member of the Weymouth and Braintree churches, and of the Weymouth and Braintree societies. He was a member of the Weymouth and Braintree societies, and of the Weymouth and Braintree societies.

His death was of many months duration, and the latter part of it peculiarly distressing. He died on the evening of the 12th instant, at about 10 o'clock. His spirit, freed from mortal sufferings, has gone, we trust, to enjoy upon high a better sphere.

Business Notices.

"GO AHEAD."
Though many things you may regret,
We hope you never will regret a thing.
A most "practical" man once said:
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."
The sure you're right, then go ahead.
If needed, would make men more wise;
They'd be more careful when they tread,
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."
If you want to be right, then go ahead.
If you want to be right, then go ahead.
If you want to be right, then go ahead.
If you want to be right, then go ahead.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
TEN PLANS in the First Universalist Church at Weymouth Landing. Apply to
JOHN D. DOVE,
Weymouth, Nov. 20, 1867.

Don't spend a dollar on CARPETINGS
You have seen our stock. Having a large lot of Heavy Superfine Carpets,
We express to us, we are determined to get them out at a sacrifice. We have them for a few days
At \$1.20 per yard!
We have also a large line of Brussels, just received from Europe, and other fine goods, which we offer at a price which cannot be elsewhere. Roll off lots to be sacrificed.

GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHT,
20 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Notice.
The Past Members of Co. H,
12th Regiment Mass. Inf.,
requested to meet at the TOWN HOUSE
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 2,
at 7 o'clock, to consider the subject of forming a new company of such members.
A full attendance is desired.
JAMES L. BATES.

READ'S Cheap Cash Store.
120 N. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Cardigan Jackets.
Men's and Boys'—CLASSE, PATTERNS—just received and for sale CHEAP!
OAK HALL, Boston.

Boys' Clothing.
A large lot of Boys' CLOTHING FOR WINTER, just fresh imported, and for sale CHEAP!
OAK HALL, Boston.

Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps.
From 25 cents to \$2.00 each. A large lot just received and for sale at
OAK HALL, Boston.

2,000 Overcoats.
For the very low price of \$1.00 each, at
OAK HALL, Boston.

For Sale.
A SMALL COTTAGE HOUSE, situated near the residence of Henry J. Shaw, on Washington street, at the head of Whitman's Pond. Apply to
B. F. SHAW, Last Weymouth.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.
TAXPAYERS OF WEYMOUTH
ARE hereby notified that all taxes remaining unpaid on the first day of December next will be committed to an officer for collection, and the legal fees and interest thereon will be added.
Treasurer and Collector,
Weymouth, Nov. 9, 1867.

Milinery.
MRS. E. A. RICHARDSON,
of 111 Ann Street, at the head of Weymouth street, and vicinity, that she has opened a fine and
FALL MILLINERY
AND
Trimming Goods.

MARKET
Weymouth.

J. L. CLAPP,
TRIFLE—(under E. Rosenfeld's Dry Goods Store.)
HAS ON HAND
Provisions of all kinds,
at 25c. a yard.
ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

REPORT FROM

HEADQUARTERS.

THE ARMY IN MOTION: TROOPS TO THE FRONT!

General Order No. 1.

ALL PERSONS LOOKING FOR A

Good Cooking Stove,

"Gas Burner,"

Air-Tight,

Ring, or Cylinder,

CAN FIND A CHOICE SELECTION AT

Headquarters.

Also, Linings and Grates, of all

descriptions.

N. B.—The Johnnies are changing their front,

and we are turning a new line, reinforced by

ALL KINDS OF SHOE FINDINGS

I can find in a Grocery Store. We are

bound to fight it out on this line.

General Order No. 2.

We have not with such good stores "on

this line," that we have ordered

ISSUE EXTRA RATIONS

on

Thanksgiving,

At such MODERATE PRICES that every man,

woman and child shall see the

"GOOSE HANGING LOW"

At these

Headquarters.

QUARTERMASTER, P. L. L.

RADCLIFFE & ALLEN.

301 Camp near Baptist Church.

Low, Lower, Lowest.

BEST PRINTS, 12 1-2c.

DE LAINES, 17c.

GINGHAMS, 17c.

UNBLEACHED COTTON, 9c.

EXTRA YARD WIDE, 11 1-2c.

NICE YARD WIDE, (headed) 12 1-2c.

COTTON FLANNELS, 17c.

E. ROSENFELD,

SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

1000 Blue Flannel Coats

For office use, at only \$1.20 each.

20 1-2c. OAK HALL, Boston.

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At RADCLIFFE & ALLEN, OAK HALL, Boston.

Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Trunks.

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Men's and Boys'—CLASSE, PATTERNS—just

received and for sale CHEAP!

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A large lot of Boys' CLOTHING FOR WINTER,

just fresh imported, and for sale CHEAP!

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From 25 cents to \$2.00 each. A large lot just

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20 1-2c. OAK HALL, Boston.

2,000 Overcoats.

For the very low price of \$1.00 each, at

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For Sale.

A SMALL COTTAGE HOUSE, situated near the

South Shore Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

CARS leave Depot of C. and N. Railroad, 100

way, corner South and Kneeland Streets,

and after Monday, Nov. 18, 1867, trains

leave Boston for East Braintree, Weymouth, N.

Weymouth, E. Weymouth, Hingham, (10:30 A.M.)

only House, Nantasket, Cohasset, at 8:30 A.M.

Trains for Boston leave

Cohasset, 6:20, 7:10, 8:20 A.M., 12:35, 1:15, 5:30

P.M., Nantasket, 6:25, 7:15, 8:25 A.M., 12:40, 1:20,

5:35 P.M., Hingham, 6:30, 7:20, 8:30 A.M., 12:45, 1:25,

5:40 P.M., W. Weymouth, 6:35, 7:25, 8:35 A.M., 1:30, 1:45,

5:45 P.M., E. Weymouth, 6:40, 7:30, 8:40 A.M., 1:35, 1:50,

5:50 P.M., Hingham, 6:45, 7:35, 8:45 A.M., 1:40, 1:55,

5:55 P.M., Nantasket, 6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., 1:45, 1:55,

6:00 P.M., only House, 6:55, 7:45, 8:55 A.M., 1:50, 2:00,

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J. BERRY & CO.

Grocery & Provision Dealers,

CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,

WEYMOUTH.

KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment

of Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,

Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,

which they offer at the LOWEST MARKET

PRICES, for CASH.

In famous old Weymouth, the home of the

fish, where labor is honest and none are opposed,

J. BERRY & CO. their sympathies would meet

at the corner where broad raises Washington

street.

Wherever attentive, it is their design

to keep a good stock in the Grocery line.

And sell all their goods at a profit so small

that those who buy once will continue to call.

For favors received they are grateful and will

endeavor to merit our patronage still.

J. BERRY, G. E. FIELD.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS!

HAVING REMODELED AND ENLARGED

MY

HARDWARE STORE.

I am now prepared to show my customers and

friends a

NEW and much more EXTENSIVE

VARIETY of

HARDWARE

VOL. 1.
Weymouth

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Everybody like
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Next morning Tom took the car to New York, and continued his tour for three weeks. He had a "bad cold", but didn't go.

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"Fine work here," said the man, who was standing in front of the man's door for us, "and here, and here."

"Yes. 'The Rain
d Mr. Suckan.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.
TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

THE BUNCH OF RAGS.

Everybody liked Tom Hall and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man a victim to the mess, and Tom had fallen into the messes power unwittingly, it seems. A new spirit shop had been opened close on the family at which he worked, and he along with others was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in, he took something stronger, and he imagined that spirit-its agreed with him. Time went on, and the liking for strong drink increased and grew stronger, until at all hours he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow," dizzy and stippled with drops of the intoxicating rags.

Tom's was a very sad case, for he belonged to a respectable family, and had been religiously trained, and until he was drawn into the snare, he was an affectionate son and brother, and friends, and minister, and every means was tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost—Tom was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the meeker. His family mourned him as lost, and many a silent tear his sister fell on his tattered garments as she sat darning and patching them.

Tom was infuriated, all agreed, but for all that, he was a favorite, from the mission to the nearest hut in Aftie, and some good people prayed for poor Tom Hall.

"Ah, these rags will not harm again," sighed Jennie, as she turned over Tom's ragged raincoat.

In Tom's better days he had pride, and it was a sad change when he didn't care who saw him "out at the elbows."

But somehow Jennie could not find it in her heart to abandon her brother, she still loved him, so Tom's tattered habiliments were taken up again and made the most of.

"Kindness may win him back," said Jennie, and when he came home at the worst he was met in peace, if in sorrow.

Just when the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home looking thoughtful. He was sorer after a long run.

In the last rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some old charms.

Tom sat down beside her, and silently watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's fine work, Jennie," he said.

His sister held up her seam before him. "Why, that is a bunch of rags!" laughed Tom.

"Yes, Tom, and a bunch of rags would be the best sign-board that a publican could hang across his door," said Jennie, sadly.

"Tom made no reply; he looked at the rags in silence.

Next morning Tom went back to his work, and continued steady for two or three weeks. He looked in the "Rainbow," but didn't go.

"Hallo, what's up with Tom Hall?" wondered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of Tom's favorite whiskey for another customer at the counter.

Sinclair was not the only one who was astonished at the change.

Every day Tom went to his work; every night he came home sober, and after a time he appeared at church on the Sabbath. Then people began to believe Tom was in earnest, and really meant to reform.

"Has Tom Hall really become a teetotaler?" wondered Sinclair, when a whole month had passed without a visit to the "Rainbow."

Well, it seems so, for nothing stronger than water has passed his lips in the shape of drink since that night on which his sister had shown him the bunch of rags.

"I'll have a talk with Tom, and learn how he got off scent thoughts," Sinclair resolved.

An opportunity came sooner than he expected.

In the beginning of summer a terrible thunder storm passed over Aftie, and amongst a general devastation, Sinclair's "pub" was shattered to atoms.

"Tom happened to be passing 'The Rainbow' next morning, and stopped to glance up at the old mark.

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in his door, "the storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new sign-board."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, 'The Rainbow' is in shivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

A NIGHT OF ICE.

It was in a private parlor of a hotel in the Province. Two men sat at a well-spread breakfast table. The younger had just pushed back from the table, with an impatient movement.

"No," he said, abruptly, "I cannot eat. I cannot drink. If I believed in presentiments, I should say I felt a forewarning of something disagreeable if not horrible."

"Well, then, my dear nephew," said the elder, "as you do not believe in such things, why not make yourself comfortable and enjoy your breakfast?"

"I will not eat until to-morrow, any way, you know."

The young man rose from his seat and walked to the window, throwing it open, and looking out in the frosty, brilliant sunshine. The air was intensely cold, and reddened his cheeks instantly. He drew in his hand, saying—

"I shall start this morning. There's going to be a storm, and I must go. Will you accompany me to the station?"

"The train starts in an hour."

The uncle shivered and drew his dressing gown closer.

"No," he said, "I'll not leave the house unless I'm obliged to. I did not leave England to get frozen by a Canadian winter. I did not know you were so sentimentally foolish. Alice will not thank you for coming a day sooner. Women don't like a bridegroom around when the wedding preparations are going on, no matter how much in love they are. Take my advice, and stay here until the time appointed for you to start."

Robert Russell, the young man addressed, listened with bare civility to his uncle's words. What was such advice in comparison with the urgent cries of his whole nature? He had left England three weeks before, to claim the woman of his choice, who had been a year in Montreal, whither she had emigrated with her parents, carrying with her love and promise of the one in whom she believed with inter devotion.

Russell's uncle and adopted father had accompanied him, and now sat smiling at the impudence, the whims of youth.

"There is a storm in the air in spite of this pale sunlight," Russell said, still standing by the window. "I should not much enjoy being blocked in by snow on my journey."

"Probably not; but you might as well expect it in this climate."

"Well, I shall take Alice back to England as soon as possible," Russell said, with his hand on the door. "Good-bye, uncle, then, good-bye."

Russell was soon speeding from the town, his eyes looking eagerly forward over the vast stretches of snow as if he would out-strip even the steam which bore him.

He did not fear the storm while on the cars; he knew they would get to their destination before the storm would reach him. But he remembered the twenty miles he must go in a cutter after the last station, for Alice awaited him at the residence of a relative beyond Montreal. Her aunt had persuaded her to leave the wedding there, where wealth could give its glow to the ceremony, and what girl would resist such an invitation?

"If we were only in Montreal!" murmured Russell, as the first few flakes began to drift slowly downward.

Soon the air was filled with fine, sharp particles. It grew colder instead of warmer, and apparently so, for the wind rose and whirled the snow fiercely.

It had snowed two hours when Russell alighted at the station in Montreal. It was already dark, save that the gloom was mitigated by a full moon.

He was half-bewildered by cold and sitting so long, but he could not wait. Reason told him that he was a day early, and might easily stay in the city until to-morrow; but some feverish, morbid haste urged him on—it was impossible for him to rest quiet a moment.

He stood a few moments by the bright fire in the waiting-room. Then he decided to go to the house occupied by Alice's parents.

He would learn, for certain, that they had gone to M—. He believed they had left three days before.

He thought the servant would never

polish him, as he stood waiting on the steps of a house somewhat out of the city.

Finally, however, the door was opened, and he asked hurriedly—

"Are the Maledons at home?"

"No, sir."

"All save Miss Alice?"

"The Maledon's heart throbbed heavily. 'I wish to see her,' he said, a thanks-giving in his heart that she had not gone."

"She's gone, too, was the slightly peevish reply; 'nobody she didn't go until about two or three hours ago. She had to remain until the last minute with a sick friend. Will you come in, sir? It's a hard storm.'

The last was said ungraciously enough; but Russell stepped within, saying, impudently—

"Tell me what road she went, and if she had a reliable driver."

The old servant started in astonishment. Who was this fellow that spoke so peremptorily?

"She took the only straight road I know of to M—, and she had a good driver for all that I know."

Russell rode fast down the principal street of the city, and out into the suburbs, on the road the servant had told him.

He was heavily wrapped in furs, and for the first two or three miles he did not feel the cold very severely. When the town was left behind him, the roads grew poorer. They were deeply banked in places, and the horses could only struggle slowly through them, toiling against the furious wind and snow that swept right in the teeth of the poor beasts.

Though it was comparatively light, Russell could see only a few inches before him. He was surrounded and imprisoned by something dense and white and blinding. Still, at thought of his own journey through the long twenty miles, his heart would not have faltered a moment, but there was with him every moment the dreadful fear that Alice was upon the road; for his imagination conjured up every possibility that could prevent her from reaching M—before that time.

And yet she had stayed two or three hours ago; she must be near her destination. Perhaps the horse could travel faster than that now, or she could not have journeyed far for his own animals had subsided into a walk. It was useless and cruel to urge them. They struggled on through the drifts, the cutter dragging up the whole depth of the ruts.

Russell's furious, eager temperament, imprisoned here, where he would have given all his possessions to have flown over the ground, chafed almost unendurably against the delay. His eager eye strained forward into the distance. But in vain—he could not see—he could only let his horses pull on as best they could.

He was held within insuperable walls of fate, and in vain his heart throbbed, his soul longed. And yet he could not reconcile himself to this slow gait. He had thought of getting out and walking by his cutter, but reflection told him that was useless. At this rate he dared not think how long it would be before he reached M—. And if Alice were on the road, should he be able to assist her?

Already the fierce cold had humbled his hands and feet, warmly encased as they were. An icy and horrible monster crept slowly creeping toward his head, devouring the pulsing warmth with which he started. Sharp pains darted through him at intervals, and he wondered where was his force, his energy.

He had heard of the f-burg which is the precursor of death in the frozen wilds, and with an exertion that demanded all his strength and resolution, he stepped out of the sleigh and plodded on beside it, merely to awaken again the sluggish currents of his blood. Even that he felt he could not have done had he not been conscious of some premonitory fate that whispered he must save his life for the woman he loved—that somewhere upon this dreadful road the woman awaited help, and that he must save her.

Thus he went on for hours, it seemed to him—alternately riding and walking—attempting to cheer the poor brutes whose breath seemed many times to be leaving them.

Already he began vaguely to wonder if morning was not near, feeling that he had been all night thus fighting the elements. His strength should remain to him to keep battling, the danger to himself was passing, for at last had begun to cease in his veins the fiery, re-awakened blood of youth. His cheeks glowed, his hot breath puffed between crimson lips. Hope was triumphant in his soul, and he already fancied himself at the end of his journey.

Suddenly, with a start of surprise on

alarm, his horses stopped their plodding with and threw back their heads, their eyes starting in their sockets at something indistinct in the gloom ahead.

There is something infesting in the alarm of an animal, and Russell felt his cheeks quickly pale as he moved slowly forward, leaving the horses standing there.

A shudder, like the first chill of an impending doom, shook the young man as he came upon a cutter overturned in the snow. He was close to it before he could make out what it was. There were no horses attached—that he saw at a glance—but the huge, cut short off, were fastened there. The snow had blown away from one side of the sleigh, while the other side was deeply imbedded. He leaped upon the runner, and hurriedly pulled the buffalo robes away, a fear upon him such as he had never known before.

At last—it seemed to him so long, though it was hardly a moment—in that snowy moonlight he saw the pallid face of a woman lying motionless among her furs.

With a suppressed cry he lifted that beautiful head to his shoulder, and sat down on the cutter, bending his lips to the cold ones that could not respond to his caress. And yet she was not dead—a faint breath just sighed across his cheek.

Was it thus he had thought to greet his promised wife? He could not think—the know nothing but that he had found Alice—and his whole being rose to the resolve that he would save her—that neither snow nor ice nor cold should take her from him. She was his, and he claimed her in despite of everything.

But he could not linger there; he must be moving on, though ever so slowly. He bore his burden to his own cutter, taking with him the first which could not save her after that fearful sleep had begun. His horses walked on again—they needed no guiding—they could find their way better than any man could direct.

Anything but intense love would have despaired in that moment of snow, with that pitiless wind freezing across the earth, raising no glow on the blue-white face against his own.

He roughly chafed with snow her hands and face; but he soon saw that severer measures must be tried; that the lethargy was too deep. She dully felt the fierce friction, for she moaned and seemed to shrink from it—a wordless request to be left alone.

Russell had forgotten the cold for himself; the snow swept by him unheeded. Again he lifted her in his arms and stepped out into the snow, letting her stand beside him, then trying to make her fight her way on, knowing that if she could once be roused she was saved.

At first she fell down helplessly—sank immediately, with no wish to stir. But in a moment his ceaseless efforts had some effect, and he could compel her to raise her muscles slightly, though her head dropped in an unknowing stupor.

Russell felt that he had never suffered before. He thought the pain and sorrow of all his life were crowded into that one night. By slow degrees, almost hopelessly slow, consciousness and horrible suffering returned.

His face was pale and sick, as he knew the agony she endured. That pain was the signal of life and hope, and not now would he despair.

At last he looked at him with rekindling eyes, and when everything else had failed, he reached the fountain of crimson, and sent a wave of its red to her face.

Weak, suffering, she reeled upon his arm, unable to move or to speak. Could he keep the life he had restored through a much longer journey?

When he had left the city, there had been a few houses scattered by the roadside to two or three miles. The dim glimmer of their lights he had seen; but since then he had noticed nothing—it was a waste through which he was riding with no lamp of hope held out to him. And the delicate girl, half re-enslaved, he thought—oh, how many miles before safety?

A half hour passed, and through Russell's brain and already started the first thought. Human endurance could not last forever, and it was almost more than he could do to preserve the feeble life he had recalled. In another half hour, he and cold might conquer him. He would die with her; he could not live when that dearest face was beneath the sod.

A quarter of a mile further on, and he saw through the storm a dark, broad subject by the roadside. It was a building of some kind, and it could shelter them. He turned his horse's head that

way, and plunged through the snow to the door. There was no door. It was a dismantled log hut, with its door gone, and its one little window broken out. But it was better than the fury without, and in another five minutes Alice was partially sheltered from the wind. With painful and patient fumbling he succeeded in fastening the buffalo skin in front of the doorway, thus forming an insubstantial barrier. Then he drew from his pocket his cigar-case and his matches, and lighting one of the latter, looked eagerly round the room in the flickering light. That swift glance told him that there was an immense fireplace at one side of the hut, and a divine light of joy streamed into his soul at the sight.

As his horses had dragged the cutter to the house, the runner had grated over the top rail of a fence, and the mason post had nearly upset the light cutter.

The white-fingered, fair-faced Englishman worked with a power that was more like fury, and when at last a red-dyed blaze swept up the broad chimney, tears of joy actually started from his eyes.

Exhausted, happy, he knelt at the feet of Alice, and hid his face in her hands. With that reviving warmth came a little strength to her weary soul. She leaned forward, a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and murmured—

"It was Heaven itself who sent you here, Robert."

Two hours later, a gray dawn was struggling through the clouds; a broad strip of blue encircled the west; the wind moaned in lower tones. The old hut was golden with the wood fire—it threw its radiance over the two horses who had been led in, and stood wild and gaunt in a corner, their eyes staring at the fire.

Remounted, though weak, with a happiness beyond words warm in her heart, Alice Maledon greeted her wedding day. She had told her story to Robert—the story of her desertion in the snow. As the storm had come on more furiously, her driver, whom she had held fast, trustworthily, abandoned his intention of returning. She had discovered that he was in a semi-intoxicated state, but she refused to return, and he had sworn he would not go a step further, and had cut the traces, and mounting one of the horses, left her to her fate.

She did not know as she spoke that, miles back, within a few miles of the city, lay a man frozen to death, the eddy snow drifting over his body. He had found a fate which his mistress had escaped.

Backward, through a vista of happy years, look Russell and his wife to that night of horror in Canada, when peril revealed to them the full depth of their devotion—the infinitude of their love.

Tit: Irish Republic closes an editorial on crime as follows:

"One of the greatest impediments to any reformation in the habits of our race has been the intolerance shown to any man or body of men who run counter to our prejudices. While the world has been ringing its changes on our follies and failings, no man of our own race had the pluck to arraign us before the bar of common sense, and point out our errors and the proper remedies."

"We have been driven to this very plain talk on reading over the following report:

"The Chicago Superintendent of Prisons has handed in his quarterly report ending September 30th."

"The nationalities of offenders were as follows: Americans, 6948; Canadians, 79; French, 35; Africans, 147; Danes, 15; Germans, 243; Bohemians, 23; English, 215; Italians, 28; Russians, 3; Swedes, 78; Indians 1; Prussians, 3; Welsh, 16; Norwegians, 118; Scotch, 81; Irish, 3638."

"It is useless for us to close our eyes to this disgraceful fact, for it has been read by every citizen in the State, and we have all been more or less embarrassed for the crimes that (as) represented our country at the police court. Let us waive all false modesty, and come at once to the cause, and then let us see if there can be a remedy."

"We can safely say that nine out of ten of these Irish offenders can be traced to drunkenness. It is unusual for any other Irishman to violate the laws of propriety. On the other hand, when an Irishman drinks, the devil takes possession of him, and while under its influence he plunges into excesses as naturally as a duck seeks water. We can not conscientiously say that some of our police, malignant, cold-blooded crime can be laid at our doors, such as disgraces other nationalities and shocks humanity. To commit a crime, an Irishman has to drown his conscience in whiskey, and then go back to his father."

fortify himself in madness, in order to work himself into a criminal mood. Whiskey, then, is the basis of Irish crime. Remove the cause, and you apply the remedy. Every man, woman, and child of our race is interested in this, for it affects the whole."

A CANTON'S FRENCH STREET.—The Elk Run (Del.) Gazette has the subjoined:

Mr. Yager, living near Mitchell's Station, in Calverton county, relates some very curious facts about a remarkable frog. "It has lived," he says, "many years with us, and is a great favorite, and the greatest curiosity is its becoming so remarkably tame. It had frequented our door steps before our hall door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it. My father had informed it on account of its size and color, and he visited it every evening, when it would come forth at his summons, and by constant feeding it would come to the candle and look up as if expecting to be taken and brought to the table and fed on insects of all sorts. On presenting living insects, it fixes its eyes intently and remains motionless for a while as if preparing for a strike, which is an instantaneous throwing of its tongue to a great distance, upon which the insect sticks fast to the tip by a glutinous matter. I can't say how long my father had been acquainted with it; from my earliest recollection he spoke of it as 'Old 'Bian,' 'the old frog.' I have known it for a great number of years—I can answer for fifty-seven years. It makes its appearance, with warm weather and remains with us till late, appearing morning and evening to our great amusement, having been trained to do many things, such as leaping, turning somersaults, holding alternately by its feet and hands to a staff rope, swinging and whirling after the manner of a slack rope performer, marching erect on its hind legs; and at the word of command, going through the manual exercise. It seems perfectly good natured, and never shows temper, but is dreadfully afraid of a cat."

A MYSTERIOUS HAVOC CUTTER.—The Evansville (Ind.) Courier tells the following marvelous story:

One of the most mysterious circumstances we have ever seen recorded occurred in Goodsville yesterday morning—a woman's hair being cut from her head by an unknown hand. We learn the following particulars of this strange affair from a gentleman who saw the hair which was cut from the lady's head:

"As Miss Meyer, a daughter of J. Meyer, residing in Goodsville, was going up in a stable full for some purpose or other, when half way up the ladder, she felt something touch her on the back of the head. She paid no attention to this, but continued her way up. Again she felt it, and more sensibly—this time feeling it keenly through her hair. She fell to the floor of the stable with a sharp scream, which brought the family to her rescue. On examination it was discovered that the blade of her hair had been cut off—her hair being done in two braids. The hair was cut about four inches from the skin, and could not have been done with a scissor, as she would have felt that instrument. The family, on coming to the girl's assistance, searched the premises, but could find nobody or nothing to indicate that any person had been in the stable, though there is an opening on the inside, through which a person could jump out. The young lady herself neither saw nor heard anything. The hair of her hair was found afterwards in the stable. It had the appearance of being cut even, and with a sharp instrument. This is indeed a strange case."

THE OLDEST RECK OF HUMANITY.—The oldest reckoning of mortality extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, found in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age of thousands of years, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty years ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid about two centuries before Christ. Only think of it; the anatomy whose crumbling bones and leathery garments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Abraham was born, and only about two centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah and the first of the Pharaohs had been introduced to his father's

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